# DAVIS DAY ON JUNE 3

## WOMEN OF SOUTH PLAN SERVICES TO LATE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The movements throughout the South by the various Confederate organizations, especially the United Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, on June 3, are growing in popularity.

Some of the memorial arrangements will be very elaborate. In Richmond, his home for so many years, the day will be generally observed, and Christ Church, which was attended by him, has planned an extensive service on that day.

Mr. Davis held a prominent place in American history for many years, and it cannot be wholly without interest at this time to recall some of the incidents of his life. Though born in Kentucky, it was in Mississippi, to which State he moved with his parents at the age of ten years, that his political life began, for it was from that State he was sent to Congress in 1845, where he early began to take an active part in the discussions of the day. John Q. Adams, nicknamed "Old Man Eloquent," was a close observer of all the new members upon the floor of the House, and after keeping a close watch upon Davis, said: "That young man is no ordinary man. He will make his mark yet."

**Twice in the Senate.**

Twice he represented his State in the Senate, not, however, consecutive terms, for he resigned his seat in 1851 to run for governor, and came within 900 votes of capturing that office. It was during the period that he was in private life that Pierce was nominated for the Presidency, and such an active worker was Davis in the campaign that they became close friends, and upon Pierce's success, he tendered him the portfolio of Secretary of War. This Cabinet is the only one in the history of the country which remained intact throughout the entire administration. This friendship proved a lasting one, and during Davis' imprisonment Pierce went to him and generously offered him a permanent home when he should be released. It is not, however, as Representative, Senator, Secretary of War, or for his record of service in the Mexican war that the greatest interest in him centers, but in his varied fortunes after he became President of the Confederacy and the cause for which he was the embodiment was lost. There has never been any one on whose head there was set so great a price.

**Heavy Price on His Head.**

When the news of the assassination of Lincoln became known it was believed that it was prompted by Confederate connivance, and Davis was thought to be an accessory to the crime. There soon appeared posters throughout the country, which read as follows:

One hundred thousand dollars reward in gold will be paid to any person, or persons, who will apprehend and deliver Jefferson Davis to any of the military authorities of the United States. Several millions of specie, reported to be with him, will become the property of the captors.

(Signed) J. H. WILSON.

The offer of such a reward caused great activity in the search for him, and in a few days he was captured disguised, according to testimony, but later disproved, as a woman near Macon, Ga. The nature of his disguise has been a much discussed question, as concerning it the writer quotes his wife's words:

"I put my waterproof cloak and shawl on Mr. Davis upon the impulse of the moment, not knowing or having time to think what else to do, in hopes that he might make his escape in that disguise, and I only did what any true woman might have done under similar circumstances."

As every one acquainted with the stirring events of those times knows, it was proven that Davis was not implicated in the death of the President.

**Regretted Lincoln's Death.**

He remarked, however, when told of the crime:

"I certainly have no especial regard for Mr. Lincoln, but there are a great many men of whose end I would much rather hear than his. I regret it deeply."

On the road from Irwinville to Macon after the capture, Davis heard of the reward which had been offered for his arrest, and also of the general belief that he was implicated in Lincoln's death.

"I have no serious apprehension of the charge of complicity in the assassination. I do not doubt, however, the government of the United States will bring a much more serious charge against me, and one which will give me much greater trouble to disprove"—doubtless he alluded to that of treason.

During the two years of his incarceration at Fortress Monroe, his friends were very zealous in their endeavor to have him liberated. An incident concerning the women of Maryland is characteristic of the interest displayed in his behalf in all directions by his sympathizers. Mrs. Coleman, a great society leader of Baltimore, herself went to Washington, armed with a petition containing 15,000 signers, asking the President to release Davis. Johnson, to whom it was personally presented, said to her, after reading it: "Madam, I have not the least ill-will toward Mr. Davis, I assure you, and personally I should not mind his being released; but, believe me, it would be no act of kindness to him. There are those who would pursue him to the bitter end, and his life would be in danger on every side. The government has no animosity to your President, but, take my word for it, he is safer where he is, for the present at least."

**Bond Finally Agreed Upon.**

When a bond for his release was finally agreed upon, Horace Greeley headed the list with $100,000, and the name of Cornelius Vanderbilt also appeared as bondsman for a large sum. Davis was finally arraigned before United States Circuit Judge Underwood on May 13, 1867, to be tried for treason, but he was bailed, and that was the last ever heard of the trial.

Being constantly importuned about his life in prison, Davis remarked one day to a friend: "I imagine there are no quidnuncs in heaven, else Lazarus must have envied Davis the alienation of his companions below."

Mr. Davis spent a year in Canada, and then took up his residence abroad for a while. It was during his sojourn in Paris that there occurred an incident which illustrates how slow was Mr. Davis to forget what he considered a wrong. It was his belief that the Emperor Napoleon had acted treacherously toward him in the course he pursued about France recognizing the Confederacy, so when he reached Paris and the Emperor sent a special messenger to him, conveying a pressing invitation to call upon him, Mr. Davis replied to the messenger: "Tell his majesty that I am much obliged, but if he wants to see me he must call on me."

**Returns to Beauvoir.**

Upon his return to the United States he took up his residence at "Beauvoir," in Mississippi, where he wrote a history entitled "A Short History of the Confederate States of America." He seldom left his home.

At the age of eighty-one years he died in New Orleans, on December 6, 1889. Though there was no official recognition of his death, there were kindly tributes from all sections of the country.

Mr. Davis was twice married. His first wife was the daughter of ex-President Zachary Taylor. She lived but a short time after the marriage. In 1844, he married the granddaughter of Gov. Howell, of New Jersey, who was a fast friend of George Washington. By this marriage there were six children, four of whom died when young. The youngest daughter, Winnie, called "the daughter of the Confederacy," owing to the fact that she was born when her father was President of the Confederacy, won some prominence in the literary field previous to her death in 1898.

## HE WAS TOO WILLING.

**He Spent His Money Only to Be Refused.**

Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's.

Mrs. Peter Penson was not only very much in love with Miss Mabel Wentworth, but very anxious to tell her so. He had met her at the seaside resort, and the time and the place and the extraordinary beauty of the young lady had done their fatal work. But though he had called several times, he had never found her alone.

It therefore became necessary for him to adopt an expedient—and one which would cost as little as possible; for Mr. Peter Penson was extremely cautious in expenditure.

Miss Mabel's home was not far from the park. What could be more effective for his purpose than a walk in that verdant locality?

"Will you," he managed to whisper one evening, "take a walk with me in the park to-morrow afternoon?"

"What for?" replied Miss Mabel in astonishment. The idea of walking in a park had never occurred to her since she had become a young lady. No one ever did it.

Peter blushed. The thought had never occurred to him that there would be any difficulty.

"Why," he stammered, "there was something I wanted to say to you, and"——

"Can't you say it here?"

Hardly. We may be interrupted at any moment."

Suddenly Mabel smiled. An idea came to her.

"I tell you what," she said. "Let us take luncheon at the Switzerland. It's quite proper, you know. And then"——

Peter shuddered as he thought that the Switzerland was the most expensive place in town.

"And then," continued Mabel, "we might go to the matinee. Let's see. I should so like to see 'The Bird's Nest.' They say it's fine. You can talk to me between the acts."

"But," objected Peter, "others would hear us."

"Very well, then. We might walk through the park. It will be dusk by that time. Shall I expect you to-morrow?"

Peter replied "Yes," but he did it with a heavy heart.

"And be sure," was Mabel's parting injunction, "to reserve a table at the Switzerland—and you'd better get the seats at once. I never like anything outside of the tenth row. And, oh, Mr. Penson, pardon me for speaking of it, but it might rain. In which case I should prefer an electric cab."

Peter that night prayed that it would be pleasant the next day. But, alas! Providence was not with him. It did rain. And how it rained!

Promptly at 12 o'clock, however, he and his electric cab were at the door of Mabel's house. And in twenty minutes more they were seated in the front window of the Switzerland restaurant.

Miss Mabel took up the card with the eye of an expert, and before Peter had time to breathe she rad ordered nearly twenty dollars' worth of unsubstantial food.

He paid the bill, however, and off to the matinee they went.

Still it rained.

"I am afraid," said Peter, as they came out, "that we can't have that walk in the park."

"What's the matter with the cab?" asked Mabel.

In truth, Peter had so firmly fastened his mind on the park that it had never occurred to him he could propose anywhere else. Besides, a cab seemed so much more expensive. And yet this was only apparent.

"You are right!" he exclaimed.

They entered the cab. He turned to her. "Mabel, dear," he said, "I love you. Will you be mine?"

Mabel did not reply immediately, and the cab was almost at her door before she did.

"No," she said at last.

"But——"

"I am sorry, but I never can be yours. Believe me, it is impossible. Say no more about it."

The cab stopped. They both got out. Peter paid the driver and walked up the steps.

"Why won't you have me?" he asked.

In reply, Mabel smiled upon him benevolently.

"Because, Peter," she said, "you are altogether too extravagant."

**Mark Twain on Prohibition.**

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

"'I am a friend of temperance, and want it to succeed,' he said, 'but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now, what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?'"

## THE CROSSED SWORDS.

I hung two swords on my wall to-day,
One fought with the Blue and one with the Gray;
Both of the blades are covered with rust,
And the hands that held them, "dust to dust."

Both were heroes, both were brave,
Both fought like tigers their flag to save;
Both lived it out mid grape and shell,
Both captured colors before they fell.

Each thought he was the right defending,
Each thought he was the wrong contending;
One spilled his blood for the color gray,
The other, the blue, fought his life away.

Both knew the glory of a battle gained,
Both saw their flag tattered and stained;
Both fought for what they thought was best,
Both gone into the "whiteness" of eternal rest.

Each sword bears rust, but not a stain;
God took that away when the men were slain.
And this we know, for in God we trust,
That the Blue and the Gray are God's own dust.

And the shadow of passion has passed away,
Only garlands of love for "our boys" to-day;
Hushed be all voices, bend low o'er the sod,
For the Blue and the Gray are at peace with God.

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.

May 26, 1908.

# PROMINENT IN CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS.

## Death of Gen. S. D. Lee Leaves Gap in Ranks of Great Leaders.

## Noted Women Who Take Active Part in Keeping Memories Green.


Special to The Washington Herald.

Birmingham, Ala., May 30.—The United Confederate Veterans, the remnant of the gray line that fought with Lee and Jackson forty years ago, will assemble in Birmingham in annual reunion next week. Reports from various States show that the entire South is to be represented at this gathering of the old war dogs.

A drawing card for Birmingham is the fact that Gen. Clement A. Evans, who has been prominently mentioned as a probable successor to Gen. Stephen D. Lee as commander-in-chief of the United Veterans, lives in the far South, where his personal and intimate acquaintance is extremely large.

The sudden death of Gen. Lee in Vicksburg, Miss., last week has caused depression and gloom over all the Southland. Many of the prearranged plans for the reunion will have to be revised on this account, but Birmingham will be equal to the emergency. Gen. W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, Tex., is the next in rank to Gen. Lee, Gen. Evans ranking third. A stiff fight is anticipated for the coveted position. The friends of the two candidates everywhere will rally to Birmingham to their support.

Gen. Lee was the last surviving lieutenant general of the Confederacy. He was one of the most interesting men in semi-public life in the country. Although a soldier, the grandson and great-grandson of a soldier, he spent his life quietly as a planter at Columbus, Miss. Since the close of the war he worked constantly to build up the waste places of the South. He rarely accepted political office. Gen. Lee held that the memory of the old Confederate soldier was a peculiar trust committed to the living Confederate soldiers.

Miss Sarah Lee Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., the beautiful young daughter of Gen. Evans, was named by Gen. Lee before his death as sponsor for the entire South at the Birmingham reunion. Miss Evans is the last of the unmarried daughters of Gen. Evans, and is one of the prettiest and most popular young women in Atlanta. She is just eighteen years of age, and is now a student at Wesleyan College, at Macon. The signal honor conferred upon her by Gen. Lee was entirely unexpected. It is needless to say that she is a very happy and proud young woman. She has been a great favorite with Gen. Lee since her babyhood. On one occasion, while she was still a girl in short dresses, Gen. Lee said to her: "We'll have to make you sponsor for the South some time, when you grow up to be a young lady." How well he held to this intention is evidenced by the present appointment, made almost on the eve of his death, and after the incident of her youth had practically passed out of the memory of Miss Evans and her father. Miss Evans is small in stature, with a sweet and girlish beauty that wins her very genuine admiration wherever she goes. The Wesleyan students gave her an ovation when the news of her appointment reached there.

The Confederate Choirs of America will meet for the first time as a national organization during this reunion. The choirs are composed of sweet-voiced Confederate women and Daughters of the Confederacy, who, with a spirit of song, will endeavor to reawaken in the breasts of the old men of the South the slumbering dreams of forty years ago. The Confederate memorial associations and the Daughters of the Confederacy have helped the needy and built many monuments to the memory of the men of the South.

The national officers of the choirs are composed entirely of women. Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Newport News, Va., is the general and commander-in-chief. Miss Mary Cash, of Memphis, Tenn., is first lieutenant general, and Mrs. Willie Vanderverter Crockett, of Fayetteville, Ark., is second lieutenant general. These three young women are renowned for the beauty of their voices. All of them will be present and will sing at the Birmingham reunion.

Because the Confederacy seems now to be a thing of yesterday, and because there are now so few who any longer care to keep green the memory of the lost cause and the men who fought and died for it, as well as for many other reasons that have to do with the charming personality of the woman, much interest is felt in the steadfast loyalty of Miss Mary Hall, of Augusta, Ga., an unreconstructed rebel and the only woman member of a veteran camp, whose name has become almost synonymous with that of the Confederacy, and who will be one of the most important personages at the reunion in Birmingham.

## NAPOLEON AS A WRITER.

**Great Soldier Aspired to Literary Eminence.**

During the period of the Consulate Napoleon handed over to the care of Cardinal Fesch several bundles of papers, consisting chiefly of letters and some early writings of his own. Among the latter there was a most remarkable document in which he discusses the propriety of suicide. It runs as follows:

"Ever alone in the midst of men, I return to dream with myself and to give myself up to all the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point is it now directed? To the side of death. Yet in the morning of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I have been absent seven years from my country. What pleasure shall I not take in revisiting in four months my relatives and compatriots? Filled with the tender sensations which the remembrance of my youthful pleasures inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? And what madness, then, urges me to wish for my destruction? Doubtless I may say wha have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not as well to end my life at once? If I had passed through sixty years I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries and wait patiently till nature had completed her course, but since I begin to experience misfortune, since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I go on enduring unprosperous days?

"How far have men wandered from nature? How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more these brave Corsicans whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud and ful of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day, tender and natural affection rendered his nights comparable to that of the gods But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams!

"Frenchmen, not content with having reft from us all that we cherished, ye have also corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country and my powerlessness to effect a change form a new reason for quitting a scene where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun."

This passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen characterized Napoleon. The death which he meditates is that of Cook, not of Chatterton. Another very curious paper of his is a "Dialogue on Love," which shows how early his opinions had been formed on this as on other points. He never was remarkable for sentiment, and at the commencement of his dialogue speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes: "I believe it to be hurtful to society and to the individual happiness of man; I believe, at least, it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it and deliver men from its influence."

It is perhaps not generally known that he wrote novels. One of these was an English romance, entitled "The Earl of Essex," being founded on the story of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favorite. Another tale he composed was on a Corsican subject, and he also wrote some Oriental apologues, bearing covertly on the politics of the day. Of his stories, one appeared recently in the columns of a newspaper, but the others are lost, doubtless. The idea or the man who wielded such mighty elements in after years devoting time to story writing is somewhat startling, and has the same apparent incongruity as the idea of his being glad to borrow a few francs in the days of his lieutenantship.

**Tale Points a Moral.**

Marshall Geer, the chairman of the floor committee of the New York Cotton Exchange, was congratulated the other day, says the Brooklyn Times, on the superb order that his committee maintains.

"We do it by working together," said Mr. Geer. "We could accomplish nothing otherwise. Not to work together is, you know, a disastrous thing. I remember the time of the bicycle craze. I set out one hot August afternoon on a tandem with a pretty girl. There was before us a stiff thirty-mile spin.

"Well, I worked like a galley slave that afternoon. The perspiration simply rained off me. I could hear my overworked heart beating thunderously. My face was a kind of blush red. But the girl kept beautifully cool.

"And at our ride's end, as I leaned the machine against the hotel porch she touched one of the pedals delicately with her forefinger and said:

"'By the way, what are these little twirligigs for?'"

**Johnny's Sarcophagus.**

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Johnny came mighty near choking to death the other day," said Mrs. Lapsling. "He was eating popcorn, and he got a grain of it fast in his windpipe. At least that's where I thought it was, but when the doctor came he said it wasn't his windpipe at all. The popcorn had lodged in his sarcophagus."

## OUTER COVERS ON PILLOWS.

**Ingenious Girl Devises One of Linen Colored Crash with a Design.**

Some of the daintiest new lingerie pillows are covered first with flowered silk and then with a very open net or thin muslin having an open design. They are a lot easier to make them were the lingerie cases which have been popular so long, because there is not nearly so much handwork on them. And yet they retain the most important feature of the other lingerie pillows, for they can have removable covers, which can be put into the tub whenever desirable, leaving the under covers fresh and spotless.

The under covers of these new lingerie pillows are made of flowered silk of distinct design and vivid coloring, in order that the best covers may be made of fine wash net or thin batiste, nainsook, or linen.

If the design for the undercase is a wreath of vivid pink roses, for instance, Valenciennes may be set in the outer cover or muslin. Pieces of net lace or open work may be set in at some places on the pillow, so that the design shows through, but if a very thin dotted Swiss or embroidered or figured Swiss may be chosen, this is not necessary. The thinnest Paris muslin may also be used as a cover directly over the wreath, but it should be of a design to harmonize. The sheer embroidered Swiss would allow the wreath to show through without any insertion. A design of red roses on the under cover would also show through sufficiently well. Tulips, large green leaves, peonies, chrysanthemums—all these designs are good if the outer cover is to be without insertion. To make the pillows attractive, however, the outer cover should be of net or of very sheer material if it is not to have insertions.

**"DESS WHO 'TIS!"**

Sitting alone at twilight,
By the fire in the old arm chair;
I hear the patter of little feet
Coming down the carpeted stair.

She tries to tip-toe easy
As along the hall she creeps,
And through the half-closed doorway
Two violet blue eyes peep.

She thinks, little rogue, to catch me,
So she treads with utmost care,
And steals in the room so softly,
And stands just back of my chair.

I close my pretending—
I know she thinks she's wise;
For I feel her baby fingers
Just cover both my eyes.

I'll awake now just to please her,
So I yawn and say, "Gee whiz!"
When I hear, "You tan't see, mister papa;
You first muss dess who 'tis."

In a moment I reach and clasp her,
I tell her it's an angel fair;
Who came and caught me napping
By the fire in the old arm chair.

LAURA LEE BECK.

Washington, D. C.

# THE WOMAN'S FUTURE

## NOVELIST MERRIOTT WATSON ILLUMES TOPIC BY HIS VIEWS.

According to the Hebrew legend woman was made out of man's rib, stolen while he slept. Science, oddly enough, gives us the antithesis of this myth, for it is demonstrable that the female existed before the male, writes Marriott Watson, in the London Chronicle. In other words, the male is a mere derivative, though, as is sometimes the case with offspring, he has outgrown his parent. It is something chastening to our male minds to pause upon this idea and reflect. Is it easy to take in, to realize in all its significance, that woman is older than man? We males of the world of organic life are mere mushrooms compared with the female, which is primary and elemental.

"Eternally through the ages from the female comes the male." The males, like the drones of the beehive, were accidental, an afterthought, a make-shift, a mere experimental device called in to assist at the achievement of great ends. When the hive has finished with the drones they go. And in the twilight of time, in the dawn of the world, there was no male—only female, the eternal Mother.

The history of that mother is known to all who read and observe history. Matriarchy was the rule in savage life; even in the earliest savage human life. Physically and mentally the female excelled the male, or at least equaled him. What physical inferiority to the male does the lioness or the tigress or the female gorilla exhibit? It was not until a later period of evolution that the male became dominant, that that secondary product, that afterthought, the growing brat, elevated himself into a tyrant over the Mother. Evolutionists understand the process through which the revolution came. It was due to the operation of sexual selection.

* * * *

But man's rapid development was to bring about an unexpected change in woman also. And to his credit it must be said that the initiation was his. Indeed, throughout the ages, since woman passed into the condition of servitude, each step of her gradual enfranchisement has been due to man. In the course of time man developed an aesthetic appreciation which demanded satisfaction, and received it in the gradual growth of a "fair sex." Chivalry was set on its feet—feet, no doubt, of clay. But it had golden aspects and materially assisted in improving the status of woman. And to-day we are enjoying such an improved status as would have made our ancestors stare—and swear. But it is not the end.

Women, you see, have broken out of that compound, that corral, in which the traditions of aeons kept them; and like so many newly escaped captives they are not quite ready for freedom, and many of them are uncomfortable with it. They blink at the light. And, to say the truth, if they were to remain always of the same constitution and at the same psychological pitch that they show now, I for one would think it wiser that they should go back to their accustomed and not uncomfortable quarters in prison. But the point is—the amazing point, which it is so hard to realize—that the development of woman has only just begun, that the development, arrested in ages long prior to the stone age, has only now been resumed, and resumed through the interposition of the same force that arrested it of old—the younger, more vigorous, and swifter growing force of man.

It is impossible now to stop her development, though it may be retarded by ignorance and by prejudice, and, most of all, by sentiment. The prisoners' eyes will get accustomed to the light. As Macaulay says in other words, the best remedy for the excesses of liberty is continued liberty. No; woman is "in" for development, psychological and physical, and (who knows?) even physiological also. There were Amazons once.

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The anxious question necessarily arises for all of us—whither is she bound, and what is to be the term of that development? What will the woman of the future be like? It looks very much as if she would be the dominant sex in the future, thus reverting to her old position in the dim ages before man was a rational being. Does this then threaten, or promise, a new matriarchy? There are many among us who have taken fright at the idea, and have turned in our fright to reaction. But here is always the consolation ready to hand that women (which is to say, our wives and daughters and sisters) do not want the freedom which is being thrust upon them. Alas! it is impossible to resist the overwhelming forces of evolution, as impossible as it is by searching to find out God. Man has been used in his turn, and is he now to be discarded? None can know, or even guess at what the unveiled future has in store.

One thing is certain, and that is the development of woman freed from the restraints of her bondage. Just now, as I have pointed out, it is her own fault that she progresses so slowly. When she realizes this she may advance by flying leaps. We men know her weaknesses and her defects of nature, taints of blood, as we also know her virtues, her devotion, and her charm. We laugh lightly at her lack of humor, at her unreasonableness, at her emotionalism, at her inability to see the sweetness of fair play. Oh, it is of no use, even for suffragists, to attempt to disguise these terrible shortcomings. Woman is handicapped, and will be handicapped by them in public life for a long time. But we may repeat Macaulay's aphorism, which I wish I could remember in his very words: The cure for the excesses of liberty is liberty.

* * * *

Mr. Meredith, a profound sympathizer with woman, has said in large words, not cynical, that the last thing to be civilized by man will be woman. It is true enough, bitter as it sounds. But the rider should be added—she will be civilized. Ere that hour strikes much will happen. We shall be called upon to deliver the destiny of a nation to the emotional and illogical sex—in theory. In practice men will keep control of this destiny themselves. Suffrages for women would inevitably mean at present two votes for the family, a highly desirable state of affairs. And when the time comes for wives to vote according to their own reasoned judgment, and not according to their husband's, I have no doubt by then the reasoned judgment will be at least as good as the husband's.

But we are not yet in that time. And the vital fact stares at us, that women are, so to speak, in solution, and will be so for many generations. How long it will be before mankind begins to get an inkling of the goal of her development it is impossible to say. We may, each of us, according to his ideas, hug to himself notions as to the general trend of that evolution. I am certain, for one, that it involves the breaking up of many idols and ideals. Think of woman as the cribbed, cabined, and confined result of incredible centuries of repression; and venture to suggest of what capacities of development she will not be possible when free!

* * * *

I am horribly aware of the difficulties in the immediate pathway that I see stretching from our doorstep. Woman is thoroughly irrational at times, and leans securely on the shoulder of traditional chivalry. She will demand to have her cake and eat it. She will rob of both pockets. She will be generous and not just, and be neither generous nor just, as she has occasion; and above all she will never be just save by accident, the accident of an emotion which turns out right. Grant her full liberty and, if she so desires, she can make havoc of our liberties and our lives. Every man knows as much. Look at the women at Moreton Hampstead, the other day, who calmly defied the parish council to remove them from the council rooms. Physically, man could have achieved the feat; but woman knew that he would not attempt to do so. She leaned on the chivalry of centuries. And, of course, she was a cheat, for she asked to have her cake and eat it, too.

I am confident, also, that we should not like the manners and ways and the intersexual relations of our great-grandchildren. None of us is wholly without sentiment, and I, for one, shall live and die in the enjoyment of certain ideals of womanhood. Not for me, and not for many of us, the new woman, with her different sexual tangents, and her new and ever newer aspects. But I do not oppose; I await; or at least somewhere or other my bones will whiten while my descendants await and watch the new phenomenon. Some of us may be glad that they live now, when evolution has held her hand, and some of us may be reluctant to look forward. But none of us must grudge the future its own destiny; for it is as certain as the sun's in the heaven that the era of woman is at hand, and that new forces and new relations will rule the earth.

## CLINTONS, OF NEW YORK.

**They Were Irish, Not English, as Stated Heretofore.**

Editor The Washington Herald:

The removal of the remains of Maj. Gen. George Clinton from the Congressional Cemetery, this city, where they have reposed since April 15, 1812, to Kingston, N. Y., the ancestral home of the family, calls to mind the early history of the Clinton family in America, and the great services rendered during the war of the Revolution by Maj. Gen. George Clinton and his brother James.

Among the Irish Protestants who came to New York were many men of bright intellect and liberal mind who exercised great power over the events which led up to the Revolution.

In this class of emigrants was Charles Clinton, who was born in the County Longford, Ireland, in 1690. His grandfather, William Clinton, settled in Ireland on the death of Charles I, in 1649, and died there, leaving one son. This son, James Clinton, lived all his life in Ireland, and was the father of Charles Clinton, who emigrated to New York, in his fortieth year, in 1729, and became the founder of the patriot Clinton family in America.

Being a man of influence in Longford, Charles Clinton prevailed upon a large number of his neighbors and friends to come to the New World with him, a receipt still preserved among his papers evidencing the fact that he paid the passages of ninety-four persons.

They sailed from Dublin in a vessel called the Anne and George on May 20, 1729. Their captain proved a violent and unprincipled villain. They were poorly supplied with stores and suffered from disease and famine, many of the passengers, including a son and daughter of Mr. Clinton, dying on the long voyage. They were finally landed on the coast of Massachusetts on October 4, 1729, the captain refusing to go to New York or Philadelphia, the latter port having been Clinton's original place of destination. The whole party remained in Massachusetts until the spring of 1731, when they removed to the province of New York, and settled at a place called Little Britain, just north of the Hudson Highlands, afterward a part of Ulster, and now a part of Orange County. Here, with the virgin wilderness around him, Charles Clinton made his home, and followed his occupation of farmer and land surveyor.

He was afterward justice of the peace, county judge, and lieutenant colonel of the Ulster County militia. He took an active part in the Indian and French wars, and was in command of a regiment at Fort Frontenac. He was a man of pure and elevated character, of dignified manners, and exerted great influence in the district where he lived. Charles Clinton was married in Ireland to Elizabeth Denniston, an intelligent and accomplished Irish woman, who shared largely in the patriotic ardor of her husband and sons.

Charles Clinton died on November 19, 1773, at his own residence, in the eighty-third year of his age, and in the full view of that Revolution in which his sons were destined to act such noble and distinguished parts. His wife survived him six years, and died at the residence of her son, Gen. James Clinton, on Christmas Day, 1779, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

This was the worthy couple who founded the Clinton family in America. They left four sons, Alexander, Charles, James, and George. From his youth up, James was a soldier, and rose to the rank of major general in the patriot army. He was married to Mary De Witt, of Holland ancestry. He had four sons, Alexander, Charles, and George being prominent lawyers, and De Witt, governor of the State of New York and projector of the Erie Canal.

George, the youngest son of Charles Clinton, the founder, was a soldier and a statesman. He was a member of the provincial assembly just before the Revolution, and was a fearless advocate of his country's liberty. He was the first governor of the State of New York, and for twenty-one years was continued in that high and responsible office, where he exerted a larger influence than any other man over the future destinies of the Empire State, closing his eventful life while Vice President of the United States.

At the centennial celebration of the New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in 1884, Chauncey M. Depew thus referred to Gov. George Clinton: "George Clinton, the first governor of the State of New York, was a typical Irishman of the grandest sort, full of patriotism, full of enthusiasm, full of fire and vigor and brains, ready to lay down his life for his honor or for the rights of man under any flag. He fought England because he thought he was fighting tyranny. We reverence his name as one of the best, purest, noblest, and most courageous of soldiers and of statesmen that any race ever furnished to any State in this broad land."

Gen. George Clinton was the first governor of the State of New York, from 1777 to 1795, and again from 1801 to 1804. He was Vice President of the United States from 1805 until his death, in 1812.

PATRICK J. HALTIGAN.

May 27.

**One-sided.**

From the Cleveland Leader.

"Do you and your husband ever disagree?"

"He never does."